

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



- **Understanding Our Teen-agers** - *Mildred Mabry*
- **Teaching Our Children to Pray** - *Florence Kerigan*

APRIL, 1957 - 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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COVER PHOTO BY *Eva Luoma*

Published Jointly Each Month By

Christian Board of Publication

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Beaumont and Pine Boulevard
Box 179, St. Louis 3, Missouri

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1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

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Second class mail privileges authorized at St. Louis, Mo.

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Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscriptions, \$3.00 per year.

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Printed in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Criticism

Most of us are honest enough to admit that we don't particularly relish being criticized. We would much prefer having people notice our admirable qualities and disregard our failings. Sometimes, however, as much as it hurts at the time, criticism can save us from later heartache and disappointment. If you're the victim of a "lemon squeeze," think seriously about the shortcomings that people say you have, and make a special effort to rectify them.

Unfortunately, some people criticize us for things that we are powerless to change. Some of us are criticized because of the color of our skin, or the shape of our eyes, or our nationality. Some of us are criticized because we have unattractive physical features. This kind of criticism is a bitter pill to swallow.

We can all profit from genuine constructive criticism, however, and learn to accept it graciously.

What's Here.—Maybe there would be some advantages in being a mind reader—at least, we would understand what makes people "tick." Since most of us don't possess telepathic powers, however, we have to resort to other means. If you are the frustrated parents of teen-agers, you will want to read "Understanding Our Teen-agers," by Mildred Mabry.

For parents of younger children we have "Teaching Our Children to Pray," by Florence Kerigan. This article gives advice for training in prayer and helping small children to gain an understanding of God.

"Julie Comes Back," by Sarah V. Lasher, is our story for this month, and one that we guarantee you won't forget very soon. Written with unusual tenderness and warmth, it is a perfect story for the Easter season.

The kiddies will like "The White Easter Rabbit," by Ione Haynes Keen.

What's Coming?—Look for "Revolution in the Living Room"; "A New Role for Tommy"; and "Art for the Christian Family," among others.

So long, S. W.

Family Life Around the World



● Education for Marriage in France

Paris—For the past four years a thorough program of pre-marriage education has been carried on by The School for Parents. This organization has headquarters in this city with branches in other centers in France. It has directed its program to help young people to understand better the relationships of married life. The persons involved are those who have already made definite plans for marriage.

The program consists of two major areas. The first is in the field of general personality characteristics as they affect the intimate ties of marriage. A very special consideration is given to the need for emotional maturity and how persons can grow up emotionally. The importance of developing independence, initiative, acceptance of personal responsibility, and emotional weaning from parents is emphasized. The ability to share and the willingness to consider the happiness of others are set against mere personal security, infantile satisfaction, and egoistic comfort. Definite consideration is given to the personalities of the prospective marriage partners, helping each to understand the other better.

The School for Parents also gives emphasis to practical problems of marriage, such as home management, handling finances, understanding French legislation on family life, and efficient methods of house-keeping. Last but certainly not least, the attention of the young couples is directed to the importance of moral and religious influences in the marriage relationship.

● The "Only" Child in Israel

Jerusalem—Dr. M. Brachjahu made a study of the "only" child problem in Israel by posing a series of six questions on school behavior and fifteen questions on personality and temperament to a large number of high school students.

Among his conclusions was the fact that he did not find these "onlies" suffering from the handicaps which are usually thought to afflict most American and European only children. It was his feeling that this was the result of the influence of the kindergarten program in Israeli schools.

● Toys Become Russian High Policy

Moscow—Russian authorities are concerned over the scarcity of toys in that country. Both popular and governmental publications have denounced policies that resulted in this scarcity along with the general shortage of consumers' goods.

An editorial in *Family and School* spoke thus critically: "It is unfortunate that the Minister of Education does not recognize the importance of education, in the bosom of the family, for the formation of work habits in children; he gives no serious attention whatever to the matter of toys for children."

The secretary-general of the Konsomol, A. N. Chelepin, took the problem to the Congress of the Central Praesidium of the USSR. He urged that every branch of the government take steps to improve the quality and the quantity of toys for youngsters.

● Less Talk Better Discipline?

Santiago de Chile—Mrs. Maria Richthone reports her experience that seems to suggest that the answer to our question may be "yes," even if qualifications are necessary. She developed a growth in her throat, and the doctor ordered her to refrain strictly from speaking and especially from shouting for a period of six weeks.

She testified that her children were much less difficult to manage than before; that sounding a bell was much better than shouting; and that she believes that the average mother talks too much and too uselessly to her children!

Eternity in the Heart

by Cawthon A. Bowen

We are told that the tendency toward emotional instability is increasing. What help can Christian faith give to meet the situation? The matter is not simple. The answer to such a question is not easy. It will help if we think of the problem as members of families. Faith can stabilize the Christian. Faith can help us as we guide our children to grow as strong and well-balanced persons.

The Christian home is meant to be a growing situation. Old and young must grow. We must grow together. In this way the experience of growing is shared by all and binds every one of us together. This, in itself, will contribute to stability. Here the past moves through the present into the future. Formative processes are going on. Precious things have been learned during the past years. They come to us alive. We relive them. We appropriate them. We use them. These values enrich our lives as we deal with the present and look toward the future.

The past is not something dead to be buried. It has living value. It is something to be invested. In fact, the past brings seeds of change into life today at the very time that it is providing us rootage and permanence.

Confusing? No. In all this changing situation there can be stability. Here we find one of the paradoxes which make life so interesting. Why are we always making new plans and carrying them out? Why are our children even more restless? What are

we restless for? This drive within us is part of our nature, a sign of healthy living.

Our faith in Christ supports the desire to grow, to move toward the full use of our God-given powers. All this is a part of the "abundant life" of which Jesus spoke. The very restlessness of the human spirit is one of the elements on which God must count in the building of his kingdom here on earth.

The human spirit also longs for permanence. We need security. We need some assurance that what we plan will succeed. At the same time we are restless. These two poles of experience play constantly upon the healthy person. They emphasize the paradox in being alive and human. Unless we are able to cope with this desire both for the changing and the permanent, we may easily move in the direction of confused and disordered living. How can we ourselves keep prepared and prepare our children to live steadfastly in a world continuously in the process of change?

The person committed to Jesus Christ holds in his hands the ultimate answer. Christian faith is a living faith. It is at home in changing situations. It even acts to bring about change. Were not some of the early followers of Jesus called "... These men who have turned the world upside down. . ."? (Acts 17:6.)

Yet in the lives of the early Christians we find nothing that suggests instability. Eternity had made

its home in their hearts. They had seen faith supremely conscious of God on the stormy sea; amid the ruins of a national hope; in the longing of the lonely spirit. They had seen one who was weak become a man of rock.

When we give ourselves into the power of the Eternal as these early Christians did, we enter into the same experience. We find ourselves also masters of the paradox of human life present in any age and under all conditions. Such is Christian faith, vital, dynamic, and stabilizing.

The Christian home is a potential faith situation. Here faith will show what it can do. We believe in God. We trust God; God trusts us. We realize that God is alive, related to all life, a part of all experience. We find God in the Bible. We come into his intimate presence as we worship. What we do and how we live are only phases of our faith.

In the family faith can grow deep, have meaning, give us a sense of God's reality and power. Here we can feel the zest of the discoverer and pioneer. Faith can help us, young and old, "dream dreams . . . and see visions." As we grow, our faith can grow with us. It can mature; "put away childish things"; move toward personal stature and steady strength; comprehend some of life's larger dimensions. What began as rudimentary trust may become a life philosophy, a controlling power that points in the direction of destiny. In such a faith situation we can reach the point where to live is to believe.

In the Christian home faith can gain outreach. It can enter the realm of nature and find God there. It is fine exercise in fundamental theology to seek

with our children what God has to say to us in the physical world which he has made. It is equally possible to look for the divine presence in the aspirations and restless efforts of our fellow men. In the very confusion of life about us we may discover God at work. In a believing home faith may become a major point of reference from which to gain a true and inclusive outlook upon human existence. Would it be irreverent to say that here we might attain at least some of the balance and perspective found in the outlook of God upon his handiwork?

A small child was describing his pastor and church. He showed plainly that both really belonged to him; also, that he belonged to them. To this tiny believer church was home; and home was church. Both were faith situations—places where consciousness of God was strong, dependence on God was easy and understandable. We think of the pastor as a deeply committed believer in God as Christ shows him to us. In our homes we are expected to believe in the same way and to the same degree.

We, too, are to give God our lives; make his life our own; find the Eternal living in us, giving us power to see life in its completeness and reality—power to love life and master it. It becomes our privilege to embody and express the Christ spirit with all that it implies of health, stability, and power.

The moon was so bright that the scene from the window suggested a kind of enchanted noonday. As usual, the conversation moved back and forth between what was being considered and God. Much of this particular communion of spirit was carried on in silence. Then came the child's question—

A close affinity with the church will do much to give spiritual stability to each member of the family.



Douglas Grundy from Three Lions

"Where is the moon's house?" It was hard for the adult to make a reply. After a pause, perhaps in the desire to help, the child observed: "I know where the moon's house is. . . . It's next door." In the silence that followed both knew that God's house was close by, too. Here was a situation where Christian faith could function.

But faith must mature. Wide-eyed wonder must be giving meaning. Doubts will come. Questions will multiply. The placid existence of early life will be disturbed. There will be pain and disappointment. All of this comes with growth. In a different sense the home can come to function as a potential faith situation and show that the eternal God, ever more clearly understood, is close by to bring stability as the intrusions of unstable life beat upon us.

At this point, as at many others, the home can look to the church for help. One morning at church school a neurotic adult was wringing her hands because the two-year-olds were enjoying themselves in their room. She did not understand that under the auspices of the church these children were learning to live with others. They were building controls helpful to stable living. They were seeing God and the Christian fellowship as important to life.

Each time teacher and parent work together with understanding, the child finds sure foundations for living. As the church listens to the home; as the home enriches and makes effective the teaching of the church, the child's confidence grows stronger. Every Sunday something in the work of the church school calls for the support of the home. Often the literature of Christian teaching, provided by the church school, comes to life as it is used in the family. All this strengthens faith and makes for dependable living.

Faith in God through Christ is our hope for stable

living. We can ride the waves of change; move toward our proper destiny; and keep life firm and well-founded. We can have God deep in our consciousness. Faith can become our life philosophy, the controlling force for living.

We can lead our children into the same faith. They can find stability in us, in the life of the home, in the way we deal with the disturbing experiences of life; in the way we use the church and other resources of faith; in the way all of us sense the overpowering, steadying fact of God in the life of the home.

There is no simple prescription for stable living. Directions cannot be written on a physician's pad. Faith is our hope—faith woven into the texture of living. As Nicodemus visited Jesus, he was told of a transforming spirit that made life new—something that could not be diagrammed. It could not be described in close detail; neither could it be seen or handled. It was like the power of the wind that moved through the trees. So it is always with the new life which faith brings, indescribable, powerful, capable of making us strong and steadfast.

We love an older description of this same transformation coming in times of stress and strain. Then the poet addressed his own soul:

"Why are you cast down, O my soul, and why are you disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall again praise him, my help and my God." (Psalm 42:5.)

We are all richer in the varied reports on the way God brings power and control into life. But no matter how described, always the fact is the same—trust in the Almighty; sensing his presence and power; realizing his purpose in the processes of change; and meeting life with calmness and assurance. That is what faith can do for us and our children.

Sabbath

(Prayer for Adults)



Lord, make of this Day, Thy Day, one in which
Our bodies, wearied by long toil-filled days,
Renew themselves with strength acquired from Thee,
And may each hour be spent in joyful praise.
Oh, let no worldly pleasure dare intrude
Or mind be surfeited with daily care;
Lord, in Thy House may we, together, find
The soul-refreshment waiting for us there.

AMEN.

—Dorothy Conant Stroud



UNDERSTANDING OUR TEEN-AGERS

by Mildred Mabry

Many parents throw up their hands in despair, saying that teen-agers are "impossible" to understand. This article will help those who think that they have reached "the end of their rope."

On a recent television show, Art Linkletter was interviewing two teen-agers. One question he asked them was, "What is your biggest problem with your parents?"

One answered, "They spend too much time trying to understand me," adding, with an exasperated shrug, "and they never do!" The other answered, "They keep things too calm around the house. Arguments and shouting are not allowed. It's just too quiet!" "Well," countered Mr. Linkletter, "I'll bet your parents got a jolt from this if they are tuned in!"

There can be no doubt that parents of teen-agers find that "jolts" are a part of the normal day! One of the questions that they must answer with each jolt is, "Should I 'tune it in' and try to understand it, or let it pass and try for the next one?"

Along with accusations like those recorded above from the teen-agers themselves, parents today face a constant barrage of indictments which come from the public in general. They hear it said that, "There are only delinquent parents." "There is not enough parental supervision." "Juvenile delinquency is caused by the sin of working mothers." All this begins to give Christian parents serious misgivings long before their own children reach teen-age.

Then one day a mother asks incredulously: "What on earth is wrong with John? He has always been so respectful and loving. He has always told us about his school activities and problems; but during the past few weeks, when I have asked him any question, he has just mumbled something and wandered out of the room. This morning I discovered that he has been confiding in his math teacher, asking her for advice!" The father then responds, "I just don't

understand him. He yells at his sister at the least little thing, and throws temper tantrums when any issue arises." Slowly, the light dawns. A teen-ager is living in their house, and not always a friendly one, either. Thus begins a most puzzling time in the lives of parents. All of the carefully stored up advice and common sense seems to have vanished, or else it does not seem to work.

The awareness that their leadership is more important right now than ever before causes parents to worry. Sometimes fear takes over. They worry because their teen-ager seeks advice elsewhere. They are shocked to see him react in ways of which they disapprove. They ask themselves anxiously, What makes him so withdrawn? What makes him a show-off? Why does he spend most of his spare time away from home?

Christian parents need to be concerned about their teen-agers. The home is vital to the young people. Mother and father must realize, however, that their conception of their function as parents may have to change somewhat to meet the normal break which all teen-agers must begin to make with close family ties. The parents can make the adjustment, and can thereby help the teen-agers to make theirs. There are positive ways to understand themselves and their teen-agers better. Through better understanding they can become better Christian parents.

Parents are people. Christian parents are people actively involved in God's plan to mold into each generation an increased concept of the "summum bonum" . . . the supreme good. It is an awesome assignment, and during the teen years of their children it severely taxes the will and spirit of Christian parents. Homes that have been characterized

by close family living become disrupted by outside interests and after-school jobs. Parents are torn between welcoming and resenting the new relationships that their teen-agers are establishing. They are concerned about the place of the home in the lives of the teen-agers. They feel that the home has a function in the life of the young person that cannot be performed by any other institutions. They want the home to fulfill that function.

Parents are human, however. They do make mistakes. They react to the problem of understanding their teen-agers in different ways, depending upon their own background, experience, and philosophy. Their methods of dealing with the problem are different. Some of these methods are unwise and harmful.

For instance, some parents deny the existence of a problem. "There is nothing to discuss," they say. "My Johnny is the quiet type and never gives us any trouble."

Other parents are guilty of trying to solve the problem by assuming that the answer which happens to come to their adult minds, or which makes the most sense in their adult culture, is the wisest answer. "You are not to play that rock and roll music," they announce.

Because of all the confusion, still other parents assume that they have no responsibility to find any answer at all. "Why bother? Just let him go ahead and decide as he pleases. He won't abide by our decisions, anyway."

One father expressed yet another point of confusion when he said, "Everything I read tells about how my child will be well adjusted in his teen years if I have met the hurdles of his earlier years successfully. But the way Joe is behaving today, I surely must have gone wrong somewhere! What I want to

know is, what do I do now if I failed in those formative years?"

Actually, parents can do some things which will help clear up misunderstandings which have stood between them and their teen-agers. They can begin by admitting that they themselves often fail. They can face the fact that they and their teen-agers won't always understand each other. Have two generations ever? And won't life be dull if they did! Parents can learn to laugh at themselves once in a while. This will make them seem more human, understanding, and make close fellowship possible between them.

Today more and more adults are recognizing that, as parents, they have a job to do in the field of human relations. They are seeking the advice of specialists in this field. Churches are becoming aware of this, and many of them are now offering family counseling services. Many city welfare agencies have incorporated community family service centers into their programs. Excellent books have recently been published which deal with the psychology of adolescence and the methods that adults can wisely use in dealing with young people. Parents can get competent help if they want it.

The function of Christian parents does change during the teen years of their children. Parents need to try to understand the strivings that drive their teen-agers. The teen-ager has a long way to go in a few short years. He still wants the love and recognition of his parents. But he is struggling to move, as he must, from a place where eventually those who are now the center of his existence give up their places. There will be a new center. It will be made up of himself and a partner who together create a new family, and establish a new home. His deepest needs from his parents now are confidence, loyalty, and trust.

Harold M. Lambert



Parents can't understand young people merely by employing a few simple formulas; but there are some things that they can do to create a better feeling between themselves and their teen-agers.

The teen-ager needs to learn through actually doing it that he can make his own friends. He needs to belong to groups outside his family. By discovering that he is acceptable on his own, the teen-ager can come to respect himself as a person in his own right, rather than just as a member of a family. Nevertheless, he still wants to know that his parents like him and respect him.

The desire to be identified with others his own age causes the teen-ager to adopt their speech habits. He wants to dress like "all the other boys." Parents should allow him to do just this if it is economically possible. Simply being part of the gang is not enough, however. The young person needs something great to strive for, and so he picks heroes, as well as gangs. This accounts for the strong attachments to certain teachers, scoutmasters, and other adult leaders of youth. These friendships should be welcomed by parents when they are made with normal and wholesome persons.

This is the time for parents to be listening, to be praying, and to be at home! For deep within him, the teen-ager still needs his parents. Though he may seem to oppose parental authority, parents must just give him time. He has to find his own way. Parents should not want their teen-ager to turn out to be too faithful a reproduction of them. To be healthy, he needs not only to be somewhat like his parents, somewhat like the gang, and somewhat like the hero, but to become an individual with self-confidence enough to be able to stand up in a group and defend what he believes in and is working for.

This leads to the teen-ager's deepest desire . . . to feel worth while, to like himself. With this accomplished, the teen-ager is secure. Then he can like others. He can listen more easily to how his parents feel. He can love others and seek to help them.

The concerned, confused father might interrupt at this point, "But if we are not to plan his activities or tell him what to do and when to do it, what can we do?" It is true that parents cannot merely sit by and let things drift. No home ever "drifted" into being really Christian. There are things parents can do.

Parents can keep alert to what their teen-ager seems to be wanting. They can keep in tune to his feelings. They can let him know that they accept his peculiar ideas and feelings and think no less of him. When parents find that their teen-ager is troubled, they should help him get it off his chest. Parents should keep in mind that even though he does not always want their advice, he does want to have someone listen to "the way it looks to him." The teen-ager longs for someone to suffer and endure with him. It helps him greatly to face his feelings and bring them out in the open.

It is true that this listening process takes time. It may be boring. Christian parents face their most trying tests in the way in which they react to routine moments. They often are better equipped to handle a crisis. Nevertheless, their function in routine problems is to be a good listener. There will be many details. The details may seem unimportant in the

light of adult problems that may be pressing at the moment. But by listening sympathetically and attentively, parents will be assured of hearing the details of the next "heartbreaking" story, the details of which might be vastly important.

Parents can help by allowing the home to be used as a "sounding board" by their teen-ager. "Peace of mind" is not necessarily achieved by quietness, soft music, and Persian rugs. There may need to be some "arguments and shouting" in order to clear up mistaken ideas. Many a teen-ager carries troubled questions about in his heart because he misunderstood his parents' motives. Open-minded discussion could clear up many such matters and open new pathways of understanding for the future. For instance, parents may have tried to conceal facts from their teen-ager in seeking to protect him from sorrow. Facts have a way of becoming known, and in the end the parents have succeeded only in making their teen-ager doubt their acceptance of him as a person. Teen-agers want to be real bona fide members of the family. They want a full share of the family's sorrows, as well as its joys.

Parents can realize that they are still responsible for their teen-ager's acts. This means that there will be times when they must stand firm as counselors and show their teen-agers the wisdom of certain decisions. They must help the young person make decisions that are in the interest of health and safety, the protection of property, and the preservation of law and order. Parents have the experience of adulthood to rely upon. They owe this experience to their teen-ager and to society. Teen-agers have within them a deep sense of justice. Although they might never admit it, they really expect their parents to help them keep basic controls in operation. Teen-agers are often aware of their own confusion. For them these are times of extreme happiness and extreme sorrow, involving backward glances at the safety of childhood, and a forward look to the freedom and responsibility of adulthood.

The Christian home does play a vital role in the life of the teen-ager. Creating a Christian home demands the best that is within parents. But by admitting weaknesses, seeking advice, and applying sound advice to their daily living, Christian parents can successfully fulfill their role during this period. Parents themselves, then, can become more secure in their position. They can begin to laugh at the "jolts" and even dare to relax some of the time.

Parents, too, can then love more deeply. This happy state of achievement is what God wishes for Christian parents and for the Christian home. For love is the "supreme good" that parents can pass on to the next generation. Christian parents, then, can cloak their teen-ager in the mantle of their love. They can recognize him not only as their child, not only as a teen-ager, but also as an individual. Parents can recognize him as another child of God who is changing into another Christian adult. They can offer him friendly counsel, assure him that the Christian community is a redemptive fellowship, and welcome him into that fellowship.



Even a Child Needs God

by *Annie L. Lester*

This author discovered that, throughout her childhood, God was there when she needed him the most.

As far back as I can remember, God was very real to my sister and me. He was much nicer than anyone we knew, for we were not allowed to ask even our aunts or our grandmother for an apple or banana or anything that caught our eyes while we were visiting in their homes. We could ask God for anything we might wish, and we did. That our prayers were not always answered did not disturb us at all, for neither did our parents grant our every wish. We still had the firm conviction that they could be depended on in time of need. So it was with our faith in God.

Once in going to the home of a friend I met what seemed to me to be a fierce-looking cow. I was very much afraid to pass so near in the narrow alley, but I closed my eyes and asked God not to let the cow hurt me and went on by. The cow was perfectly harmless, I'm sure, but my prayer gave me courage. Children and adults face many imaginary as well as real dangers, and prayer gives them the ability to face these dangers. So I am thankful that I had God with me the day I needed him most when I was a child.

It was a beautiful spring day when we had our church school picnic. This was a big event in our little town, for all the members of our church invited their friends from other churches. The women spent the previous day cooking and baking. The baskets

were filled with fried chicken, country ham, and homemade bread, cakes, and pies.

Seven or eight wagons cushioned with hay waited at the church to take any who wished to go. One wagon was filled with baskets of food, a tub of ice for lemonade, and freezers of homemade ice cream.

The favorite picnic spot was Number Four Lake, about five miles from town. It was a merry drive with laughing and shouting and singing.

The lake furnished excellent sport for the men, and there was a large cleared spot where the children could play. The trees at the edge of the forest provided shade for those who wished to sit quietly and talk until time for the men to build fires to make coffee and fry their fish and the women to spread long cloths on the ground and put out the contents of the baskets.

After dinner I was content to lie with my head in my mother's lap and listen drowsily to the talk about the Ladies' Aid and other news of interest to church women.

When the minister's wife and a friend asked me to walk with them in the woods, I was delighted. After walking awhile, however, I grew restless and wanted to go back to my mother. They took me to the edge of the crowd and told me to follow the path that I was on. I could see my mother on the other side of the crowd of chil-

dren. They left me, not dreaming how frightened I was at the thought of going through that crowd of boys and girls all alone.

As I stood hesitating, I saw two women walk into the woods behind my mother. I thought there must be a path that would lead me to her if I went around the edge of the woods. I would find the path and not have to pass through the crowd of children.

Wild flowers were growing all around, and I ran from one to another thinking how pleased my mother would be with a pretty bouquet. I must have walked a considerable distance; for when I had picked as many flowers as I could hold, I realized I was tired. Also, I was startled at the intense stillness of the forest. A short time before I could hear the children calling and shouting to one another, but now I could hear nothing but the songs of birds. I called loudly, "Mama, Mama," and listened but no sound was heard. I looked all around but could see no path.

My friend had cautioned me to stay on the path so I would not get lost. There was no path. I realized then that I was lost. I began to cry and to call again and again, but there was no answer. The flowers were already withered. I threw them down, sobbing, "I don't want any flowers. I want my mama." A yellow-and-black bird hopped along near me, but I didn't want a bird. I wanted my

mother. Pushing my way through thick growth, I went on, determined to find the path that would lead to her.

At last I found a path. It was a small path, but I gave a sigh of relief. I was all right now. The path would take me to my mother. Then I saw in front of me a long slough. It extended into the forest. I dared not leave the path to go around it; so I waded in. The water came to my knees, then my waist, then my shoulders. Then I fell. The bottom of the slough was slick, but I regained my balance and crawled out. The path was there, but a short distance on there was another slough, and then another. I was more afraid now, but I dared not lose the path; so I waded in. I was almost too exhausted to crawl out of the last one. I gasped as I saw a great log lying in front of me, but I climbed onto it and looked on the other side. There was no path. Then I told God about it. "I'm so tired God," I whispered, "and I can't find my mama." Having told him, I lay down on the log to rest.

As I lay there, I saw almost immediately a man walking through

the woods near me. I called to him as I had heard my father call to men driving by our house. "Hey there!" The man stopped and came toward me with utter disbelief in his eyes. I was just five and small for my age and was covered from head to foot with muddy water.

"Child," he said, "what are you doing out here in the woods?" I told him about the picnic. As I looked at the long shadows in the woods, I added that I guessed they had all gone home by now. Would he please borrow a wagon to take me to Columbus.

To my delight and to his relief a man came by in a wagon. I told my story again, and the driver offered to take me with him.

As we rode along, we gave a ride to a woman who had been fishing. I had to tell my story again, and the woman insisted on taking me to her home to give me something to eat. I was thankful for this kind gesture, for I was ravenously hungry. Afterwards she bathed me and washed my hair and dressed me in the little clothes that had once been her daughter's. She kept me amused until her husband came home to supper. He

frowned when he heard my story.

"She's the child they are searching the woods and dragging the lake to find. I must take her back right now."

"Eat your supper first," begged his wife, but he would not even sit down. He told us that as soon as they discovered that I was lost, all of the children and most of the women had been sent home. A boy had ridden ahead and had called at the houses which he passed, "A child is lost." The owner of the livery stable had opened its doors, and every man and boy in town had taken blankets and lanterns and had gone to the lake to hunt for me. How proud and happy I felt as I listened to him!

"What time was it when you found her?" he asked.

"About five, I think," she answered. "Why?"

"Her mother and father were frantic, of course. The father joined in the search, and the mother went a little way into the woods with a friend to pray, but she told the friend she couldn't pray. Each time she tried, she could only whisper, 'You know about it, God.' After a time she told her friend she wanted to go back to the crowd."

"Annie is all right. Someone is taking care of her." Mother asked the men to stop dragging the lake, for she knew that I was not there.

John hitched up his horse and lifted me in front of him. My little bundle of wet clothes—the pretty new gingham dress that I had been so proud of that morning and my ruined shoes—were tied to the saddle. When we came within calling distance, John gave the signal that meant I was safe. It was echoed and re-echoed through the woods. As we rode up, the crowd met us. I was lifted from the horse by the mayor of our little town and handed to my father, who held me so close I could scarcely breathe. My mother put her arms around both of us and cried, "Oh Annie, Annie! Thank God. Thank God."

Thus ended the day when as a child I most needed God, and he was with me.

On Milton's Sonnet to His Blindness

An oyster felt a slow abrading pain,
A foreign element within his shell
Against his side. Although he could not tell
The probing saber was a tiny grain
Of ocean sand, to fight it proved in vain.
He patiently produced a filmy cell
To cover roughened points and smooth them well.
At last a pearl where once a bur had lain.

Thus Milton, feeling night's encroaching hand
Embrace his eyes to shut the darkness in,
Through growing twilight strove to understand,
To kiss the hand, and prayed for strength to win.
His grief, encased in tears which faith had pearled,
Became a living gem to bless the world.

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

JULIE COMES BACK

by Sarah V. Lasher

Illustration by Janice Lovett



Carefully, Julie put her feet on the soft rug, giggling as it tickled her toes.

Slowly, the noises faded, and a cool, fleecy cloud seemed to wrap around Julie, carrying her gently along.

Soft, tinkling music waked her. Music that was everywhere, yet so soft, so gay, it was like the sweet air she breathed, as she stretched and opened her eyes.

"You're awake." Such a quiet, warm voice. "We've been waiting for you."

Julie turned her head to see where the voice came from. The room was strange, yet she felt at home. Beside the bed sat a smiling woman, her smile lighting such happy eyes that Julie's laugh tinkled in welcome.

"How could you be waiting for me? I didn't even know I was coming."

"We knew. We were expecting you. Are you ready to get up now?"

"Get up?" Julie's hand smoothed the cover so easily that she did it over again, then stretched her fingers out above the bed, watching them as they hovered like two quiet birds. "You mean I could get up if I wanted to?"

"You can." The woman stood up and brushed Julie's hair back gently. "Or you can stay in bed. Whatever you want to do. I'm Mother Alice to the children in

this house. You can call me if you want something. I expect the others will be looking in to see you."

"What others?" Julie was watching her hands, enjoying their quiet movements.

"Janie, who is 8, as you are, Carol, who is 10, Becky, who's only 4, and Jill and Ann, who are both 7." The nice woman . . . Mother Alice . . . left so quietly that she seemed scarcely to touch the floor.

Julie folded her hands carefully on her stomach, and stretched both feet, wriggling her toes. She could do it! She drew one foot up, then the other, let-

ting each one slide back slowly.

"I could get up and walk," she marveled. "She . . . Mother Alice said I could, and I can. I can!" She sat up in bed, pausing a moment to look around the room. It was all pink and white, soft curtains, soft rugs, a gay pattern of pink flowers on the walls.

Carefully, Julie put her feet on the soft rug, giggling as it tickled her toes. She took the first step slowly, wonderingly. Then she walked all around the room, touching the bed, the chairs, the door.

She looked out the window, trying to find the music that still seemed to be everywhere. Down a hill of green grass and white clover she could see other children running and playing. Their voices seemed part of the music. Julie wished shyly that she could be out there playing.

"You can come and play, too." Julie turned around quickly. She hadn't heard anyone come in. There was no sound anywhere, but the voices of the children outside, and the soft music. A dark-haired, dark-eyed little girl stood by her bed with a tray.

"Who are you?" Julie walked over to stand near the girl. "You're as tall as I am."

"Same age, too." The girl grinned. "I'm Janie, and I'm 8, too." She put the tray on the table beside the bed. "Mother Alice thought you'd like to eat in here this morning."

"It smells so good." Julie sniffed the tray, peeking under the napkin. "I didn't know I was hungry."

Janie moved reluctantly toward the door. "I'll come back after awhile if you want to play."

Julie climbed upon the bed and pulled the tray toward her. "Could you stay while I eat?" she asked, shyly.

"Sure, if you want me to." Janie curled up in a big chair. "I'm so glad you got here. We waited a long time, it seemed like."

Julie ate slowly, watching her hands do just what she wanted them to do. "Mother Alice said that, too. I didn't know I'd be here. How'd you know?"

"We always know." Janie shook her hair back. "Even when it's real quick, we know in time to be ready. Course, we're always almost ready. There's always room."

"Rooms like this?"

"Umhm. Mine's yellow."

Julie finished her cereal and started on the toast. Janie sat quietly, grinning happily every now and then, until the tray was empty. Then she jumped up.

"You put on some shoes and a dress while I take the tray out. Then we'll go play with the others."

Put on a dress? Julie watched Janie disappear. I can't . . . yes,



So excited that even walking wasn't enough, Julie spun around the room on her toes. How many times must she have wished that she could just stand . . .



I can! She jumped out of bed. I can! I can!

There were several dresses hanging in the closet, and Julie chose a blue one. Light sandals were no trouble to put on, even to fastening the buckles. She even brushed her teeth and her hair, then tied a blue ribbon under the curls.

So excited that even walking wasn't enough, Julie spun around the room on her toes. How many times must she have wished that she could just stand . . .

"Ready?" Janie was back. "Let's hurry. There'll be lessons later. Then the prayers before lunch."

"What kind of lessons?" Julie held Janie's hand as they hurried along. "I never had lessons."

"You'll like them. All about the world and people and things.

Here's Carol." She made the introductions importantly.

Carol smiled under her freckles and said like the others, "We were expecting you. Come meet Becky, Jill, and Ann. They're making clover chains. Becky can't tie knots, yet, but she picks the blossoms."

Julie watched the other girls make the long clover chains, picking some blossoms with happy little Becky, or just watching. Tomorrow she would learn to tie knots, too. Carol came to sit beside her, pushing her fingers through her short red hair.

"Like it?" she asked.

"Everything is so beautiful. And everyone seems so happy and so glad to see me." Julie winked very fast, feeling tears behind her eyes. "I just don't know how I feel."

"I know." Carol squeezed her shoulders in a quick hug. "It's that way, at first. We all went through it."

"Have you been here long?"

"I don't know. We have night and day . . . but not the way time is measured back there. I was here before Becky, but Jill and Ann were here when I came, and Janie's been here longest of all."

"Was she . . . were any of you . . ." Julie bit her lip, afraid to ask the question, and not sure how to put the words.

Carol seemed to understand. "Jill couldn't walk, before, nor do anything alone. Becky could walk, but she never talked. Janie couldn't see. We don't remember things from before . . . but we know those things."

"Janie can see now." Julie looked at Janie, laughing as she took Becky's flowers to tie to the long chain. "And Becky can talk."

"Yes. Becky's learned how to talk. We had to help her, some. I never walked before."

"Neither did I. Yet I seem to know how, now." Julie thought about this. "Why?"

"You learned on the way. It takes longer, when it's walking or something. Janie's eyes only had to be opened," Carol explained.

"We don't quite forget. It stays wonderful to us."

Mother Alice found them and admired the long chains. "Time for class, girls," she said. "I see you came out, Julie. I'm so glad. The girls will take good care of you."

A tall man with a kind face and a warm, deep voice talked to them. All the children sat on the grass around him, and he held a small, blond-haired boy on his lap. There were more children than Julie could count, all happy, all listening eagerly as the man told them stories that seemed somehow familiar, somehow strange.

"I keep trying, but I just can't remember," she told Carol and Janie, as she walked between them, back to the house when the class was over.

"You aren't supposed to, you know," Carol told her.

"Not now. Later, when your family's all come, you'll be together and can remember again."

"But there's something," Julie's forehead creased. "It seems like I *have* to remember. Like I have to *do* something."

"It's the change, and all, probably," Janie told her. "Getting used to everything different."

"Getting used to walking and using my hands is different," Julie agreed. "I know I didn't, before. I don't have to remember to know *that*. But it's something else."

"You'll get over it," Carol told her, as they went into the house.

The feeling kept coming back all afternoon, as Julie played with the others, went for a long walk, and sat in another class.

The happiness, the light, peaceful feeling, were there. But underneath was the gnawing urge to remember something. Something seemed to pull her back, to hold her.

"You're still worried, aren't you?" Carol asked. They were lying on the soft green grass, resting. There had been prayers after class, and for a little bit the feeling had gone away. Then it was worse again.

Julie turned over on her stomach, resting her forehead on her

arm. "I'm trying not to, but there's something I've *got* to remember. Or do."

"Did you tell Mother Alice?"

"No. Should I?"

"If it keeps on. She'll know what to do. You mustn't remember or be sad."

The sun was warm, the grass soft. Still the music flowed all around, and Julie hadn't discovered where it came from. She dozed a little, and felt the worry slip away. In such a beautiful, happy place, there should be no worry.

"Wake up, Julie," Becky giggled, tickling Julie's ear. "It's time to take our baths."

Julie sat up, blinking. "I went to sleep."

"You're still tired," Janie told her. "We've kept you so busy all day. It helps, at first, to keep busy. Keeps you from trying to remember."

"But I *want* to remember," Julie protested. "I just *have* to." She felt a warm moistness at her eyes again.

"You'll get over that." Jill squeezed her hand. "We did."

"I'll try." Julie swallowed, hard.

She put on a yellow dress, after her bath. A soft fluffy yellow, with the fullest skirt she could imagine. She was so happy, so excited over walking, she could almost forget the worry.

Almost, but not quite. It kept nagging at her, while Mother Alice told them stories after dinner. Julie kept trying to act like the others, but she couldn't keep her mind on the words. Then they all sang together, and she tried to join in. Singing was too strange for her, though, and the worry grew stronger. She sat quietly, listening to the others, and finding something familiar about the songs. She must have known them, or heard them.

The music was still there, but softer, as if coming from farther away, when Julie climbed into bed. It wasn't dark, just sort of hazy, as though a bright moon were shining behind the clouds. There had been prayers again, before they went to their rooms.

Julie looked out the window at the soft haze, and said a little prayer of her own.

"And God bless Mommy . . ." then she remembered.

She remembered, and it brought the tears at last. They burned her eyes, and made her sob, as she tried to hold them back. Mommy, Mommy! Now she knew why she worried. Knew what she had to do. Somehow, Mommy must know. . . .

"Julie, child, what is it?" Mother Alice gathered her into comforting arms and sat in the big chair. "You're remembering?"

Julie nodded as she took a deep breath, then another. "I've tried hard not to. All day I've tried not to."

"But you couldn't help it?"

"No." The arms were soft, and Julie relaxed. "It seemed like I had to remember. Like I had to *do* something. Something kept pulling me, all day."

Mother Alice nodded. "It happens like that. They don't understand, and they pull and pull, with their grief. So you have to remember a little sometimes. It's worse, at their night time."

"But it's been bad sometimes all day."

"Our day is different, Julie. Probably nearly a week, according to their measurement of time. When it got worse, it was probably night time, back there."

"In between I was so happy." Julie sniffed back another tear, and felt Mother Alice wipe her eyes gently. "I love walking and playing with the other girls and everything. If only I didn't keep remembering. How long will it take to forget? For the pulling to stop?"


"That depends." Mother Alice smoothed her hair. "Usually they understand before too long and quit pulling. Some take longer than others."

"Can't we *do* anything so they'll understand? Mommy wouldn't pull, if she knew."

"Sometimes we have to do something."

"How . . . how long was I on the way here?"

(Continued on page 28)



Teaching Our Children to Pray

by Florence Kerigan

"It's the day of the Sunday church school picnic, and it's raining! The children will be so disappointed!" Mother was setting the breakfast table as she thought about it, that summer morning.

"It's mean," pouted Doris. For the first time, she was going to the picnic with one of the boys in the young people's group, and she had looked forward to it, dreamed of it, and even bought a new sports dress to wear to it. Now—"With all the days last week when it *could* have rained, it had to pick *today*!"

"We shouldn't talk that way, dear," said Mother. "We shouldn't question God's wisdom."

"God?" asked Steve. "This rain is caused by a low pressure area moving in—"

"Set in motion by God," said Mother. "God is back of everything in science and nature, remember. You'd better call Donnie, Steve. I let him sleep until the last minute because he'll be so disappointed."

"Well, would you look!" gasped Doris a few minutes later. "I do believe it's going to clear." She went to the back door and looked out. "Yes, Mother, the clouds are breaking up, and I think by the time we reach the lake it will be a lovely day!"

Donnie was downstairs by that time, jumping up and down excitedly in the middle of the kitchen floor. "Today is picnic day! Today is picnic day!" he was chanting.

"Maybe you wouldn't have been

so happy if you'd been up half an hour ago," laughed Steve. "It was raining cats and dogs."

"I know," said Donnie. "I woke up real early and I prayed God would make the rain go away for picnic time. And he did, didn't he? God always answers our prayers, doesn't he?"

"Yes," said Mother, as she glanced at Steve warningly.

"But, Mom," Steve protested later when Donnie was out of hearing, "you know as well as I do that God doesn't always answer our prayers!"

"Not always that dramatically, no," said Mother. "We'll try to teach him that prayer isn't just asking for things; and sometimes God answers our prayers with a 'No.' That, too, is an answer, Steve."

Mother had a big problem on her hands—a problem that many another mother has faced—in striking a medium between Steve's leaning toward skepticism and Donnie's blind faith. Before trying to help her children, she had to think things through for herself.

Faith

Faith is twofold. First, we have faith in the goodness of God and in the fact that he wants to give good things to his children just as an earthly father does, and refuses some requests just as an earthly father does. A father does not give his baby son a keen-edged cutting tool no matter how hard he cries for it. A mother sometimes refuses a hungry child a snack, not because she does not

want him to have it, but because she has something better for him in a short time and does not want his appetite for it to be spoiled.

The second part of faith is faith in ourselves. "I prayed for a passing grade," says Steve, "but I failed just the same. I knew I would." The trouble with Steve was that he prayed for the result without constant prayers for the effort, and without believing that prayer would help. His prayer was not an expression of faith in God. It was lack of faith in both God and himself. That is one place where parents can help their children greatly—by encouraging them to do things on their own, but not frustrating them by giving them chores beyond their ability to perform well. Fortunate indeed is the child who can talk over plans and dreams with his parents and have them say, "Go ahead. You can do it!"

What Is Prayer?

Prayer is an expression of faith in God. It is an expression of worship and reverence, an acknowledgment of the omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience of God.

Prayer is communion with God. When we pray, how often do we take time to wait quietly for God's answer to us, for his message for the day, or his quieting thought for the night? All things can and should be taken to God in prayer—not merely requests for help. We turn to him in times of stress; why not in times of rejoicing? How many, many times during courtship should both the girl and

the boy joyously seek God's companionship, and certainly on the morning and evening of the wedding day, at the time when the new home is established, when the first child is born, and when the husband advances in his work. In bereavement there is nothing the torn heart can ask: One can only bow one's head and remember the promise to "comfort all who mourn." (Isaiah 61:2.)

Explain to the Child

The wonder of a child as he discovers beauty, love, and growth in God's world can be the beginning of prayer for him. If a parent will catch that moment of wonder and say a simple, "Thank you, God," the child will connect God with his joyous experience. Other experiences which help a child learn to pray include grace at the table and bedtime prayers. These should be simple and sincere, with parents encouraging, but not coercing, the child to express his own thoughts and feelings.

From the very beginning the child can be taught that God will not always give him what he wants, because sometimes it is not right for him to have the things he has asked for, or because God has something better in store for him. It can be explained to him in terms of the cutting tool and the snack before dinner, previously mentioned.

To the disappointed teen-ager, it might be explained by the story of a boy who all his life planned to go out on the foreign mission field. The doctor discovered, however, that he had a heart condition and could never stand the rigors of a foreign missionary's life. The boy was disappointed, but he accepted the decision, and went into his father's business. He never lost his interest in missions, contributing to the cause with increasing amounts as his business prospered. When he was an old man, he told a friend of his boyish disappointment. "I never did understand," he said, "why God wouldn't let me go out on the mission field." "I do," smiled his friend. "On the mis-

sion field you would have been just one more worker, but because of your success as a businessman you have made it possible for no less than ten to go out with the gospel message. God didn't refuse your life for mission work—but he wanted you here."

Explain to the teen-ager who prays for victory for his team, that there are other things to pray for: courage, physical safety, good sportsmanship, the joy of the sport; to remember that the other team also may have a claim on God's gift of victory; and that defeat also has its values when accepted in the right spirit. Paul reminded Timothy that although many run in a race, only one wins the prize; but all should run as though they expect to win. There is a thrill to winning a football game with a last-minute touchdown, but there also is something to be said for the player who knows that the game is lost, but who still plays the best he can to the very end.

Ask—Seek—Knock

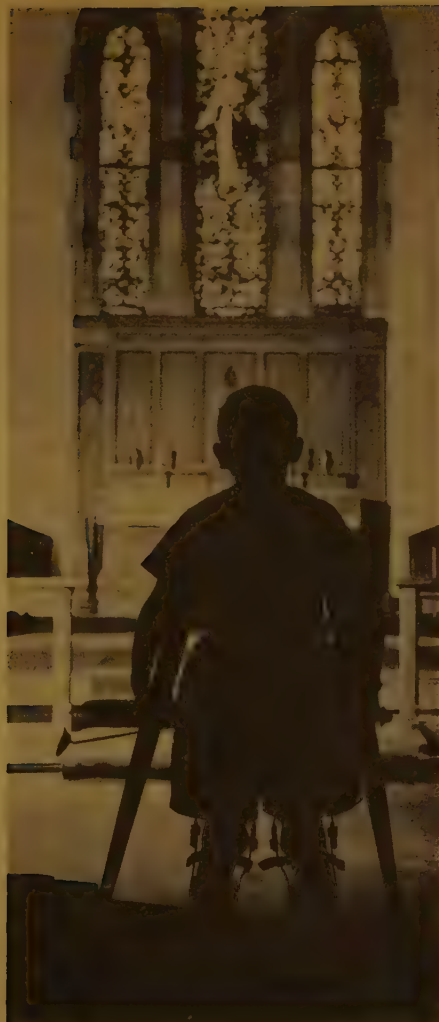
You can explain that some cases are beyond human control, and we only can ask God for what we wish and then wait patiently. All prayers will not be answered in the way that we wish. All rainy days will not clear for us. Many desperately ill people, beyond all human aid, have lived after their friends prayed earnestly for their recovery—but many have died in spite of such prayers. Many boys have prayed and come through battle unscathed while those around them were killed or wounded; but many fine boys, who must also have prayed, were killed. You remember that there was a time when Jesus also went alone into the Garden to pray, and asked that some other way than the cross be found. And then he said, "Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." It is hard for us to say that and mean it, but we must when we pray. We must *ask*, and receive the decision

(Continued on page 28)

—RNS



Daddy



A new day dawns for Ben. Easter Seals will help make crutches and braces a memory.



Jerry's triumphant smile is reflected by the physical therapist guiding his progress at an Easter Seal Center. New prostheses will be fitted as required as Jerry grows to manhood.



Nancy, served at the Easter Seal Center, looks forward to getting out of her wheel chair.

It was a beautiful Memorial Day in Elyria, Ohio—the eve of high school graduation. Seniors of the 1907 class could barely contain their spirit as they out on holiday excursions. A whole new world lay ahead, luring them with promise.

Hours later many of these young people were dead. Dozens of others were crippled—some for the rest of their lives.

The quiet Memorial Day evening was shattered by a horrifying accident. Streetcars carrying homebound holiday crowds collided in the streets. Elyria had no hospital. Sixteen people died from lack of medical attention; 68 others were injured. It was a tragedy decreed by a twist of fate. For out of the crushing heartbreak came a great humanitarian service. Out of great personal loss came a far-reaching gain for many. Because the beloved son of Edgar F. Allen was among the young people who died in the accident, humanity has benefited from the great philanthropy started by Edgar Allen—

organized aid for the physically handicapped as we know it today.

Edgar Allen knew the bitterness which could seep through the hearts and minds of the sick and injured. He was among those who comforted accident victims as they lay in makeshift quarters that Memorial Day desperately needing medical care. He knew there was work to be done and he sold his business to get about it.

With the aid of other thoughtful neighbors, he raised \$100,000 in two weeks to build a hospital for the town. Elyria Memorial Hospital was dedicated in October, 1908, and Edgar Allen served it as unsalaried treasurer and executive committee chairman for many years. The facility was a stepping stone toward even greater service to which he devoted the rest of his life—a service inspired by a boy named Jimmy.

Only eight, and an orphan, Jimmy came to the hospital in 1911, crippled after a bout with polio. He seemed to fit at once into the empty corner of Edgar Allen's heart. To the little

orphan, this great, kindly man who had brought the first gift of love into his life became known as "Daddy"—an apt title which affectionately clung, identifying him as "Daddy" Allen the world over.

Daddy Allen watched with pride the steady improvement in the youngster. Then he wondered if there were other Jimmys who needed help. There were—200 of them right in his own county. Why shouldn't there be a hospital for crippled children? Daddy Allen answered his own question. "There should be," he said. Again he set out to build.

He interested Mrs. Ada Gates, widow of a Cleveland advertising executive, in the project. In 1915 the Gates Memorial Hospital for Crippled Children was dedicated. From then on the cause of crippled children became Daddy Allen's magnificent obsession.

The hospital was open. Weeks passed, but the beds remained empty. Daddy Allen's smile became clouded and then perplexed as he walked

Allen's Legacy

*Photos and feature from the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults,
11 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.*



The "Thank you" from Mary is echoed by some 5,000 crippled children who are finding a fuller life through services rendered at Easter Seal Centers.



Autographing casts is a popular pastime at Easter Seal Centers. But someday Bill will forget that Nick signed his cast when he gains the ability to use his legs.

through the wards. What was the explanation? Probing relentlessly, he found surprising answers. Many parents were ashamed of their crippled children. Others couldn't afford care—many were too proud to accept "charity."

Daddy Allen appealed to the community and to the state. He interested the Elberta Rotary Club in his activities to break the barrier of the handicapped. By 1919 other interested friends had joined the work, and a statewide program developed, organized as the Ohio Society for Crippled Children. Backed with legislative support, it brought together public and private agencies interested in the care and education of the crippled.

Other states quickly adopted the plan. In 1921, organized help to the handicapped moved forward with a great stride when the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults was born. The death of Daddy Allen's son and the advent of Jimmy had marked a turning point in the

care and rehabilitation of the handicapped.

In 1934, Easter Seals were mailed to the public as means of support. Catching on rapidly, they became the principal fund-raising medium of all organizations affiliated with the National Society. The Easter Seal now is a symbol of service to the crippled everywhere, and the National Society and its affiliates are best known as the Easter Seal Societies. They are located in every state, District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico. Some 28,000 prominent Americans serve as volunteer board and committee members, and 3,000 professional workers are employed to give direct service. More than 1,100 programs and facilities operated last year for the crippled, and more than 144,500 crippled children and adults received care.

The family of Easter Seal Societies and the millions of Americans who have contributed to their work can take pride in the realization that more has been accomplished for the

crippled in this generation than in all of the generations of man's civilization before our time.

Easter Seal Societies know, too, that crippling conditions continue to occur. They must not relax in their efforts to find those who need physical rehabilitation and then to provide the proper care in a total program aimed at independence and self-support.

Crippled persons today have the advantage of great strides in medical science and a farflung network of societies for crippled children and adults to provide care. Staggering amounts of research remain to be done to learn the causes of crippling conditions and how to treat them.

Following along behind little Jimmy of Ohio who inspired Edgar Allen in his great humanitarian work is an endless stream of other little ones, moving along in their slow, crooked fashion, each hoping for the love and help of a "Daddy" Allen.

Dates for the Easter Seal campaign to help them this year are March 15 to April 21.

Worship in the family with children

To Use with Younger Children

The Easter Lily

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Pam and Mother were shopping in the big supermarket. They passed a table, and Mother stopped. Pam could not see what was on it, but Mother said, "Oh, look, honey, Easter lilies! We'll just have to buy one!"

"What's an Easter lily, Mother?" Pam asked.

Mother laughed. Then she picked Pam up and held her where she could see the beautiful white blossoms, and smell their sweet

fragrance. "Oh, yes, let's buy one," Pam had said, clapping her hands. So they bought a pot of lilies and took it home.

Each day Pam watered the lilies. Each day the blossoms opened a bit more. The whole house was fragrant with their perfume.

One day Mother said, "Tomorrow is Easter. We will take our lily to the church to show that we are glad for Easter."

"What's Easter, Mother?" Pam wanted to know.

"Easter comes in the spring. It is the time when flowers are blooming, baby leaves are growing on trees, birds are building nests, and the earth is waking up after its long winter sleep. It is the time when we remember Jesus and the kind, helpful things he did."

"Oh," Pam said.

On Easter morning, Pam dressed in her pretty dress. Mother wore her suit and her pretty hat. She put on her clean white gloves. Then she picked up the pot of Easter lilies. Just as Mother came out the door, Pam looked back at her. She looked so pretty and happy that Pam felt pretty and happy, too. She skipped close to Daddy and said, "I'm glad this is Easter. Mother looks pretty like the Easter lily!"

Daddy looked back at Mother. He smiled at her, and his face looked as bright and happy as Mother's.

"That's because Easter is a happy time," he said. And suddenly, Pam knew that it was!

H. Armstrong Roberts



Theme for April Easter

To Use with Older Children

Easter—A Time of Singing

There are some seasons of the year that just seem to be made for singing. Christmas would not seem like Christmas if we did not hear, enjoy, and sing Christmas carols. So it is with Easter, another great Christian festival. It, too, is made for singing!

From the earliest history of the Christian church, Christians greeted one another on Easter morning with the words, "Alleluia, the Lord is risen!" And the reply always came back, "He is risen indeed!" These words, themselves, sound like music.

We do not know just how Charles Wesley came to write the words to the beautiful hymn, "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today." We do know that it is one of the most beautiful Easter hymns, and also one of the most often used. The "alleluia" at the end of each line seems to express the joy and gladness that every worshiper feels.

One interesting thing about this hymn as it appears on this page is that the tune given here was once used as the tune for Wesley's Christmas hymn, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." For one hundred years the same tune was used for both hymns. It seems very fitting that this was so; both Christian festivals are times of singing; both are concerned with great events in the life of Jesus, and of great importance to Christians.

It was not until 1804 that the present tune for the Christmas hymn was adapted from music by Mendelssohn. It is interesting to try to sing "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" to the tune of "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today." Try it and see how closely the ideas of the two hymns are interwoven. Then sing the Easter hymn again and remember that if it had not been for Easter, Jesus' birth would not have been remembered very long.

Easter is a time for singing!

Thanks for Spring

Thank you, God,
For the world so wide
And things that are in it
On every side:
For gardens and orchards
And green things growing;
For mountains and plains
And grain fields blowing;
For flowery meadows
And birds that sing;
For the bright, warm sun
And the wonderful spring!

—Nona Keen Duffy¹

Thank You, God, for April

Thank you, God, for April
And for new grass growing,
Clouds like fleecy lambkins
Through blue sky-fields going.
Thank you, God, for April
Daffodils a-flutter,
Cheerful as the sunshine,
Yellow as new butter.
Thanks you, God, for April
Days of sun and rain.
With its rainbow promise
Spring has come again.

—Eleanor Hammond²

Christ the Lord Is Risen Today

EASTER HYMN (WORGAN). 7. 7. 7. 7. with Alleluias

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788, and others
Joyously

From LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708

1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 2. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 3. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Fol - lowing our ex - alt - ed Head, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Once He died, our souls to save, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Death in vain for - bids Him rise, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Made like Him, like Him we rise, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Where's thy vic - tory, boast - ing grave? Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - - - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

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For Family Worship

Worship Center: Arrange a place of beauty in your home. It may be as simple or as elaborate as you wish. A potted plant, pussywillow branches attractively arranged, or some other object of nature with the open Bible, may create the feeling that will make it easy for your family to worship together.

Call to Worship: "The Lord has risen indeed!"

—Luke 24:34.

Song: Use the one on page 19, or choose a favorite of your family.

Scripture: If there are no preschool children in your family, then you may read the resurrection story as found in any of the Gospels: Matthew 28: 1-8; Mark 16:1-7; Luke 24:1-9; John 20:1-18.

If you do have preschool children in your family, they will be more interested in the new life that comes to the earth each spring. Discuss God's plan for ongoing and new life, and the joy that it brings to everyone each year. You also may discuss the joy of Jesus' friends as they remembered the kind, loving, and helpful things he did.

Litany: Use the one on this page, "Easter." Your family might be interested in making their own litany, or responsive prayer. This may be done by listing all the things for which they wish to give thanks, grouping together like ideas, and deciding upon a response. Use the one here as a pattern.

Poem: Use one of the poems that appear on these pages, or use a favorite poem about spring or Easter.

Prayer. Dear God, we are glad for this happy time of year, and for your good plan for new life each spring. Help us to show our joy by working with you. Amen.

Easter

The song of the brook
Is the song of the woods,
For the brook and the woods,
God, we thank you.

The song of the woods
Is the song of the birds;
For the singing of birds,
God, we thank you.

The song of the birds
Is the sweet song of spring;
For the song of the spring,
God, we thank you.

The words of that song
Are these: Easter has come!
For the words of their song,
God, we thank you.

—Mazelle Wildes Thomas

Spring Thanks

Thank you, God, for pussywillows
And the springtime sun;
Thank you for the snowdrops
Opening one by one.

Thank you for the new, green leaves
Unfolding on each tree.
I am grateful, Father,
For these gifts I see.

—Louise Darcy¹

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Gedde Harmon



The White Easter Rabbit

by Lone Haynes Keen



Roten

Illustration by Natalie Roten

A tiny white bunny in a large pet shop window attracted the attention of two late shoppers on the Saturday evening before Easter. The bunny was as white as a snowflake and as shy as an April violet. She raised her long pointed ears and looked curiously at Arthur's parents with her shining pink eyes.

"Wouldn't Arthur love to have that little bunny for Easter!" Father exclaimed as he stepped toward the door.

"Yes," said Mother. "He's been wanting a pet."

It was almost closing time, and she was the last bunny left in the pet shop. She was so wee and she looked so lonely that Dad decided to give her a good home. He carried her out of the shop in a wooden box under his arm.

When he reached the house, he put her under the kitchen table for the night. "Won't Arthur be surprised?" whispered Mother.

"Yes," said Dad, "and won't Jo-jo be surprised, too!"

Mother looked concerned, "He won't harm the bunny, will he?"

"Better watch him," Dad cautioned.

There was great excitement the next morning when Arthur came to the kitchen, hunting for his usual chocolate Easter bunny.

"Happy Easter," Mother said as she set his glass of orange juice on the table.

"Happy Easter," he replied, as he brushed back a lock of dark uncombed hair and opened the door of the dish cupboard.

Mother laughed. "You won't find your Easter bunny in a teacup this year."

Suddenly Jo-jo appeared in the doorway. His black hair was standing on end, his tail lashing furiously back and forth, and his fiery yellow eyes were intently glaring under the table.

Then Arthur spied the wooden box with the screened top. Half guessing, he bent over and peeked in. "A bunny!" he exclaimed as though he really couldn't believe

his eyes.

"Yes," Mother smiled. "We thought you were getting too old for a chocolate Easter bunny."

"I'm glad," said Arthur, beaming with delight. "Thanks!"

As he reached down to open the tiny door at the side of the box, Jo-jo moved closer and growled and hissed miserably.


"Oh, be quiet, you jealous cat!" Arthur shouted. "Mother, will you please put him out?"

"Come, Jo-jo." Mother took him in her arms, petted him and put him out on the porch. As she closed the door, she said, "I'll have to teach him to leave your bunny alone."

Arthur frowned. "Just try to teach him to leave anything alone! He kills all the baby birds, he fights with the other cats, and just look where he sunk his claws into my arm yesterday."

"What did you do to him?" She defended her pet.

(Continued on page 30)



When the children are small, let them start saying grace at the table. An awareness of God develops in children through experiences such as these.

Your Child

Every Christian parent wishes his child to grow toward God, but how does that happen? Years ago the whole community more-or-less supported the religious way of life. Father conducted family worship each day. Children knew Bible precepts and were expected to practice them in the home. Parents accepted the God-given responsibility for training their children for good citizenship and parenthood.

We live in a different age. Household chores are done by mechanical means. Children, and parents too, have time for self-expression in countless ways, mostly outside the home. Other people in the school, community, and church have been trained to do what parents had been doing for their children.

Much of life in this modern age is secular. Too many people are hard-boiled, unneighborly, and excitement-mad. Life is organized as though God did not exist. God no longer has his rightful place as the center of our lives or of our homes. God is kept just outside the door, to be sure, conveniently ready in time of tragedy or emergency. When things are moving smoothly, however, we have no time for him, nor for religious practices like family worship or attending church; nor do we feel it important to encourage our children to participate in such Christian activities as junior choir or youth fellowships. In all too many homes today there is no real fellowship with God; no earnest seeking to know his will; no sense of his judgment upon one's thoughts or deeds.

Can the Christian parent hope to lead his child to feel that the God of love and beauty and goodness created this world, and wishes to bring abundant life to all his children living in it? This is not easy, but it can be done. It takes much more initiative and skill, but the greater investment of effort always brings greater values. The Christian family is after all the happiest family, and finds ultimately the best in life.

The Parents' Idea of God

We teach a child about God long before we begin to answer his questions. Through the very atmosphere of the home and the parents' own personal devotion to God, your child learns of the importance of God. Your child senses that God is greatly loved by his parents, thanked before every meal, called upon for help at any time, worshiped at home and at church, and worked with through the making of gifts and the doing of kindly deeds for others.

If you love each other and love and care for your child, you lay the foundation for his concept of God as a loving, protecting, heavenly Father. If you are selfish, shallow, inconsistent, fearful, thinking only of getting material things, you teach your child to think of God in those terms.

What God is to you, the parent, he will become to your children. You cannot hope to help them to

and then he and his child will search and grow together toward God.

The Child's Idea of God

It seems almost inevitable that a small child will begin to think of God as a glorified man, who runs the world much as his father runs a car. Most children's ideas will not grow unless parents help.

The sympathetic, understanding parent will try to answer his child's questions honestly and frankly. Did God make me? Did God make everything? Yes, God made the things that people use, and he gave people minds to plan how to use those things. God gave us wonderful bodies, and the best part of us is the spirit that lives in our bodies.

Where is God? God is everywhere. God is spirit, behind all that we see and touch and feel. God is in us when we do a kind and helpful deed. God is the ever-present Creator, seen in the wonders of his universe. God is in the beauty of a spring flower or the flaming sunset or the powerful majesty of a storm. God is in people who create beautiful music or write books. God is in our happy times, as well as in our times of fear or tragedy.

Does God know everything about us? Yes, and he wants us to do the best we can. God is just. He loves us even when we do wrong, but he has made us free to choose how we shall act. Sometimes we

Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups, by Margaret S. Ward



Grows Toward God

grow toward God if you do not feel that you are God's children. If God is not the Creator, the sustainer of life here and now, the one whose presence makes a difference in life, the one to whom you are subject for judgment, you cannot expect your children to feel that way about him. You cannot radiate a victorious, courageous, religious faith if you have none. You cannot teach children to pray unless you pray. Religious faith must be caught as well as taught. God must be very real to you parents first, before he can be real to your children.

No parent ever has the final answer, however. He can only give the truth as he understands it. He will leave room for the child's inquiring, adventurous mind. He, too, must be an honest seeker after truth,

make mistakes, and then God lets us punish ourselves, in order to help us learn to do what is right. God planned an orderly world which runs according to rules; and when those rules are broken, someone suffers.

As the child grows, so will the parents' answers to his questions be enlarged and enriched on the basis of his wider knowledge and understanding. For the younger child God is the loving Father, who has given us a world that is basically full of love and kindness. God is part of our life each day, and is understanding, and is helping each one to live at his best. For the older child we add the thought that God is still creating and working in his world. He has started something which is incomplete, and he

depends upon people to give their best to help him achieve a complete, peaceful world in which all people can be free, and all have an opportunity for abundant living.

Religious Practices in the Home

Your child will grow toward God when you make a place for religious practices in your home. Prayer bring God into the family, as we talk and listen to God. The youngest child should be taught to talk to God at bedtime, or the first thing in the morning. He may be encouraged to talk to God about the things that make him happy, as well as to pray for strength to act in a way that will help answer his prayers.

Find some time for family worship each day, rejoicing in this opportunity which builds family unity. Offer grace at each meal. Use Christmas, Easter, the opening and closing of school, birthday and wedding anniversaries, all these special occasions, as times for Christian emphasis and celebration.

In your family conversation talk of things that the children are learning or doing at church, and interpret their experiences in the light of God's part in them. Be ready to share your own personal faith.

Recognize God's place in your choice of family fun, singing hymns together, reading Christian magazines, enjoying religious pictures, creating things through family hobbies, and observing and working with God in the outdoors. Make the most of vacations, trips, and excursions, to get better acquainted with the beauties and wonders of God's world, and to learn how God is working through people to enrich his world.

Show a democratic spirit through family council sessions; enjoy sharing the work that has to be done for the good of the family; reach out to bring in other members of the family of God into your home; be friendly and helpful to your neighbors; participate in good deeds for your community, and send the gospel to other parts of the world.

for "Your Child Grows Toward God"

Study Guide

I. The Leader's Preparation

1. Your purpose: to challenge parents to face up to their responsibility to make time and room for religious training in the home, to place God in the center of all their experiences.

2. Read the article yourself, and encourage all the parents in your group to read it also.

3. Check the bibliography at the end of this study guide to see what additional books may be available in your home, church, or public library. Browse through as many of these as you can in order to find additional practical material on enriching children's ideas of God.

4. Send for a quantity of the leaflets listed below and have them ready for distribution in the meeting.

5. Ask several parents to come to the meeting prepared to talk on any one of the following or related topics:

- a. Why Sunday was a happy day in my home.
- b. How my parents helped me to know God better.
- c. What there is about my home that makes it Christian.
- d. How my ideas of God have grown since childhood.

II. The Meeting

1. Open with a reading and interpretation of Deuteronomy 6:6-7, bringing out that it is God's plan for parents to be vitally religious and to pass on their heritage of faith.

2. Consider the article itself. Encourage parents to give their reaction to it, why they agree with the author, or points on which they may disagree.

Discuss such questions as the following:

- a. Why is it so difficult today for a family to be Christian and to have religious training in the home?
- b. What is the importance of the parents' own ideas of God?

- c. What are you doing to grow spiritually?
- d. What ideas of God can we teach our children?
- e. What ideas of God do you have?
- f. What ideas of God do your children have?
- g. How should you both be growing toward God?

3. Share experiences. Give opportunity for several parents to talk on the topics listed under Item No. 5 in "The Leader's Preparation." Consider whether there are ideas expressed here which may be taken over to enrich your family's experiences.

4. Divide into three or four groups, depending on the size of the meeting. Prepare reports on some way in which a family can grow in their ideas of God. This should be made as practical as possible. Each group should have a chairman, previously appointed and instructed by the leader. One group could dramatize a form of family recreation; another could present a family council in session, pointing up the spirit of love, democracy, and earnest seeking after God's will. A third group could present an experience of family worship; a fourth could report on an experience with growing things.

5. Have the reports presented.

6. Close the meeting with a brief devotional, in which parents may dedicate themselves to try to restore God to his central place in family life.

III. Additional Resources

Our Family Grows Toward God, Odell.
Opening the Doors of Faith, Edwards.
Our Children and God, Hamilton.
Opening the Doors for God, Sweet.
Your Child and God, Trent.
Observing National Holidays and Church Festivals, Martin.

(Continued on page 30)

Using Sunday

Use Sunday as a special day to help your child grow toward God. It should be a day for rest and gladness, a happy day because God is a part of it. There will be time for joyous worship in God's house and fellowship with one another. As you walk, you can see new beauty in God's world. As you visit the sick or shut-in, you will be helping God to care for others. Find evidences of the importance of God in the early churches in your community, or take trips to historical places that have a religious connection. Play Bible games, listen to beautiful music, sing, make something, learn a psalm or hymn together.

The Church a Helper

As you seek to help your child grow toward God, you will find the church on your side. So do all you can to strengthen the tie between you. Let there be no criticism of church, pastor, or members, in the family group. Do not depend solely upon the

church for the religious training of your child. Do not send your children to church, but take them into it.

The church is the fellowship of children of God around the world. It breaks down all barriers of race or class or condition of life. It reaches far back into history, and it looks forward through all eternity. Covet for your child a rich experience within the church community, so that he will grow up never having felt outside its warm fellowship.

The basic patterns of early home life in America were good. They do not need to be changed to fit the particular needs of our modern times. Strive to live by Christian standards in your home; follow democratic principles; have love and respect for each individual member. Make sure that God is always there, day in and day out, through every experience that life brings, whether for good or for ill. Hold fast to this pattern, and you will indeed help your child grow toward God. One day he will use this same pattern when he builds his own home.

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Carson City is its capital	41 38 65 12 73 35
B Des Moines is its capital	101 64 32 82
C Salt Lake City is its capital	16 55 40 68
D Boise is its capital	49 20 57 88 34
E Tallahassee is its capital	59 63 5 23 74 7 85
F Help for the eyes	10 70 60 9 90 56 29
G Dozed	96 83 105 94 62
H Crowded together	2 27 42 79 84 22 87
I The one and the other	44 15 110 116
J Handcuff	93 18 36 107 13 108 66
K Springfield is its capital	8 30 4 52 19 71 25 61
L Atlanta is its capital	37 3 77 6 51 89 112
M Dish of leftover meat and vegetables	111 117 102 114
N A list of figures	24 45 109 46 21 50
O Young horses	91 78 28 67 118

P What grapes grow on	104 14 47 122 97
Q Place in which to see yourself	119 98 106 39 31 72
R Short way of saying "do not"	121 103 53 113
S Salem is its capital	81 11 69 76 92 86
T Went without food	26 120 75 1 115 48
U You will find lots of it on the beach	17 43 100 58
V To brown by heat	33 99 95 54 80

(Solution on page 30)

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37
39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57
59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67
69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77
78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86
87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95
97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105
107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115
116	117	118	119	120	121	122		



Editor's note: We are proud to introduce to our readers Dr. Centerwall, a woman physician, wife of a pediatrician. After this article was processed, we received a letter from the author stating that little Ann had died suddenly of an infection.

Ann Centerwall, about whom this article was written and to whom it is affectionately dedicated.

Love

by Siegfried A. Centerwall, M.D.

When a doctor has heart disease, he does not become a heart specialist; but when a doctor has a mentally deficient child, his opinion on this subject is sought out and his words are considered words of wisdom. This is because so much more is known about heart disease than is known about mental deficiency.

My husband and I are physicians, and we have a mentally deficient child; but we are not medical authorities on mental deficiency. In fact, if you think of this affliction as a disease like other diseases and the doctor's main duty to find out the cause and then institute treatment to effect a cure, then there are no authorities on mental deficiency. The cause is often unknown; and even when it is known, there is almost always no cure.

Then what can be done?

What help can you expect from your doctor if you have doubts about your child's mental development? Medicine has made good progress in late years as interest in this field has developed among physicians and lay people. You do not have to be satisfied with vague reassurances that "Some children are slower than others, so let's wait and see how he is doing in a year or so."

All doctors should be able to tell

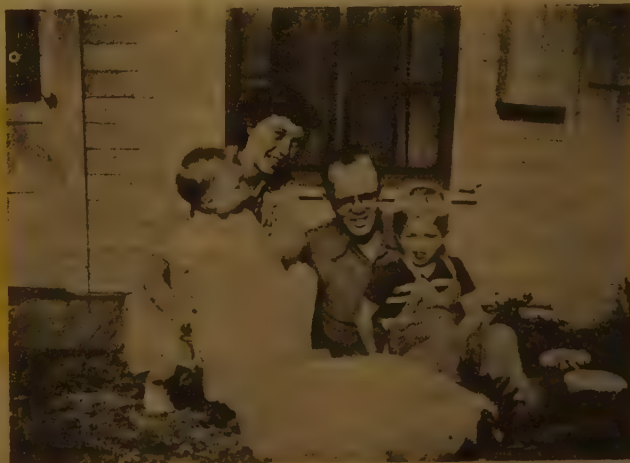
you whether there is a basis for reasonable doubt about your child. If your child is suffering from an obvious congenital affliction that is known to affect the brain, like Mongolism or hydrocephalus, your doctor will know this and tell you.

But there are many cases where there is good cause for doubt because the degree of deficiency is not apparent. Most doctors are not trained to make such an accurate evaluation of mental development. In this case he should recommend another physician or clinic where you can go to have your child tested. If you take his advice and place yourself in the hands of medical doctors trained

in this type of child work, the next most important thing you can do is to rely on their judgment.

Here are some things that you should not expect your doctor to do. You should not expect a doctor to treat your child with medicines for which he can see no indications. Most diseases and deficiencies for which there is treatment can be specifically tested for. If your child has no need of them, neither hormones nor vitamins nor any other thing will benefit him.

Do not expect your doctor to refer you to some one extraordinary expert who is the "only one who might help your child." Such "experts" do not exist; and



Them...

Reprinted from the August, 1956, issue of "The Christian Home."

such recommendations, which usually come from lay people who are innocently misinformed, are likely to lead to an expensive, emotionally harmful, and fruitless experience.

If your child is mentally deficient and there is no treatment to correct the condition, is there anything the medical profession can do to help you? The answer is definitely yes. The same doctor or clinic which tested your child will most likely be ready and very willing to give you all kinds of advice about care and plans for the future.

To do this the aid of psychiatrists and social workers may be enlisted in your behalf. You may be referred to one of the newly formed parents' groups which are interested in helping one another with the difficult problem with which they are faced. There will be information about special schools and institutions that will be helpful.

But most of all, the doctor who will be watching the physical and mental development of your child regularly will be ready to listen to your problems and help you solve them or adjust to them.

The greatest problem is undoubtedly the parents' adjustment to the condition of their child. There is probably no suffering

more acute or real than the suffering of parents who face the fact that their child is mentally deficient to a degree that will forever set him apart from his fellow men.

To the human being normalcy is something to be greatly treasured. Indeed, the amazing way that God has provided that the species shall reproduce themselves—flowers, trees, animals, and man—hundreds of times over without a flaw makes us feel that being normal is not just a privilege; it is a right.

As a doctor whose child has been so afflicted by nature I wish I could offer some personal consolation for other parents. We sometimes forget that throughout nature many imperfect forms are created, most of which, like the miscarried fetus, are destroyed.

In modern human society, however, the family is small and each member so individually important that the prospects of a mentally deficient child seem almost unbear-

able. In this wonderful American

land of unlimited opportunity there must not only be a car in every garage but a high-school diploma for every child. Perfection is held out as a goal by sociologists, educators, and, of course, all magazine advertisements. Perfection is lovely, and imperfection unlovely and unloved. We are conditioned to feel this way, and I must have believed this way, too.

I also believed in God. I believed in him; but I did not rely on him. Relying on myself had seemed sufficient. I thanked God that he had endowed me with ability to make my own way so successfully. I was truly glad that God seemed to be going with me through life; but I didn't give much thought to whether I was going with him.

Suddenly, for the first time, I was faced with a problem over which I had no control. Neither thought nor diligence could change

(Continued on page 30)

It is hard to think of an appropriate memorial for such a sweet small child. But if she has shown her mother the way to help other parents who have deficient children, I feel that she has made a contribution to this world. I feel that my article is a more fitting expression of my love for her than anything else could be and I'd like to have you use a picture of Ann to illustrate the article. I do not think there could be a more appropriate illustration. I would suggest the caption "Ann Centerwell, about whom this article was written and to whom it is affectionately dedicated".

● Julie Comes Back

(Continued from page 13)

"It's hard to say, Julie. Probably a month, as the world measures time. Maybe six weeks. It took longer than we thought, because of your legs."

"It only seemed like I went to sleep and woke up in a few minutes."

"Yes, to you. To the ones you left back there . . . it seemed much longer."

"Because they don't know." Julie was silent for a long time. "If only I could let Mommy know. If she knew I could walk and run and sing and all . . . she'd be so happy. She wouldn't pull anymore."

"Would that make you happier, Julie?"

"Oh, yes!" Julie sat up straight.

"That's what I've got to do. I've got to let her know. Only I can't, can I?" She leaned back into the comforting arms, biting her lip to hold back more tears. "She'll go on worrying and not know, and I can't tell her."

"I think perhaps you can." Mother Alice took Julie's face between her hands. "Sometimes it has to be done. Becky had to let her mother know."

"But how? How can I tell her?"

"I'll go with you. It's possible, if we get there at night while she's asleep. She'll think it's a dream."

"But when she wakes up, will she still think it's a dream?"

"For just a little while. Then she'll know. Mothers do."

"Will it take long to go?"

"Only a few moments. A breath or two, really. I'll go get permission while you wrap up. There's a warm cape in the closet. It's cold there, now."

"I don't remember that." Julie shook her head. "Just Mommy."

She held the cape close, when Mother Alice came back and took her hand. She wore a cape, too, with a light airy scarf over her head. She wrapped one like it over Julie's hair and held her hand.

"Now just shut your eyes tight and think hard about your mother, Julie. When I tell you to open them . . . we'll be there."

Julie held her eyes tight shut, and she could remember her mother clearly. Her eyes, her hair, even the house and the bedroom.

"We're here, Julie." Mother Alice's voice was very low in her ear.

Julie opened her eyes, but everything was so dark. Then her eyes grew used to the blackness, and she could see things take shape. There was the bed, and her mother was in the bed. One arm was flung up over her head, as though reaching for something, and the other clenched a damp handkerchief.

"She can't hear us, and wouldn't see us if she woke." Mother Alice whispered. "But you mustn't touch her yet."

"Can't I just touch her once? To

tell her good-by?"

"Later. You go to the bed and bend close. Whisper to her that now you can walk . . . tell her all of it. Then, kiss her very lightly on the cheek. I'll be holding your hand and as soon as you've kissed her, look at her one more time. Then close your eyes again and start counting."

Julie stepped close to the bed, clinging to Mother Alice's hand. "Oh, Mommy! I'll be so happy up there, if you'll be happy for me. I can run and play and sing and dress myself and everything. All the things I never could do when I was here." She kissed her mother's cheek, and there was enough light to see her plainly for a minute. The lips seemed to lift, almost to smile, and her mother let go of the damp handkerchief and lowered the other arm. Julie shut her eyes tight and held to Mother Alice's hand, counting slowly. . . .

* * *

Dorothy Scott woke slowly, quietly, and lay in the darkness, watching the moon through the window. It was cold, but she felt a warmth like a soft breeze. A warmth she hadn't known since Julie died. Julie. That's what had waked her.

Julie, she thought again. But easily, quietly. She went over the dream again, carefully. If she could believe it was true . . . she slept again, deeply, restfully.

"Tom," she paused as she started to make the bed the next morning.

"Do you believe in dreams?"

Her husband looked at her, seeing the new serenity in her face. "Why?" he asked carefully.

"I dreamed about Julie last night. Dreamed she came to tell me she could walk and run and sing, now."

"Perhaps she can," he said thoughtfully.

"I know she can," Dorothy said firmly. "I thought, when I woke in the night, that I must have dreamed it. And dreamed that she kissed me. Now. . ."

"And now?" he waited.

"I didn't dream it." She smiled.

"It was real. Julie can do all the things she never could. She told me so herself. And I'm not going to grieve any longer. I'm going to be happy for her."

"Are you all right?" he frowned.

"Never better. I can be happy, knowing she's happy."

"If a dream can do that . . . for you and for Julie . . . then I'm glad you had this dream." He put his arm around her shoulder.

"It wasn't a dream." She smiled. "I can still feel the kiss on my cheek. And look." She pointed to the floor.

For just a moment he saw them, two small footprints, glowing a little brighter, then fading out. Two footprints such as an eight-year-old girl might have made beside the bed, if she had stepped in stardust, first. . . .

● Teaching Our Children to Pray

(Continued from page 15)

with faith in God's goodness and mercy.

When we ask for something which we can help along, we should do so. God does not intend to let us loaf all year, and then give us the answers, miraculously, to the examination questions. God gave us minds and hands to use, and he wishes us to use them. We can encourage our children to pray each morning for keen minds and clear understanding, and good memories for the day's lessons. Jesus told his disciples that God knows what we need before we ask it, but he did not say we should therefore sit down idly and wait. He gave us three active words, expressing initiative on our part: *ask—seek—and knock*.

Praying or "Saying Your Prayers"?

Ask your daughter how she thinks her father would like it if she dashed in right before going to bed every night and said as quickly as she could, "Please give me a new dress. Good night," and dashed out again. Point out that children talk to their father about many things, and never think of writing down what they wish to say in formal language and reading it to him, or of memorizing a speech and saying it as quickly as possible each evening. But how many times we do those things when we talk with our heavenly Father!

Training in Prayer

Family devotions offer a splendid opportunity for the children to pray their own prayers, and for consultation about those prayers beforehand. Family prayers also give an opportunity for training the children to think of each other, to pray for each other's desires, to thank God for the triumph of one of the members of the family—the victory of Brother's team, Father's raise, Sister's invitation to a party, and so on.

A boy or girl who has formed the habit of really praying—not just mumbling a few words—will not go far astray in later life. Over the years of their growing up there will be disappointments, and seemingly unanswered prayers, but there will be enough proof of the saying that "Prayer changes things" to make it worth while; and no one who has experienced it would ever wish to withdraw from the companionship with God which prayer brings.

No, Mother does not need to worry about Donnie's being disillusioned when his next prayer seems unheard, or about Steve's skepticism, or Doris' disappointment in her romance, if she helps them truly to know and love God. She has the answers at her disposal. But—very important—she, herself, must know how to pray before she can teach her children.



Family Counselor

Q. Would you tell me how to explain a death to a four-year-old? You tell them a dead person has gone to heaven and then when they see him lying in the casket, they say he is here. I had to go through that when I was almost four, but I took it for granted and asked no questions, but all children are not alike.

A. Do not try to give a complete explanation of death to a four-year-old—even if you could!

Remember that to a child of four death does not signify the permanent loss that it does to an adult. The terms “permanent” and “forever” have little meaning to a child, as his sense of time is exceedingly limited. Although he may tend to interpret death in terms of “sleep” and assume that the departed will wake up soon, guard against deliberately giving him this interpretation yourself, lest later on he begins to ask when the loved one will return or wake up.

It is far better to be frank and honest in your answers to his questions. You need not try to explain in detail just what death means, but you can begin to help him understand that because of sickness, accidents, or old age, a person's body may wear out and die. Stress at the same time, however, your convictions that that part of the person that “wonders,” or “thinks,” or, as one person suggests, that says “I,” continues living even though the body dies.

If the child asks whether or not the body of the person will come back or “get awake,” tell him simply and quietly that it will not. If the child wants to know just where the “wonder part” is living, you may want to say that you do not know, or you may prefer to help him realize that many people use the term “heaven” to describe the place where the “wonder part” lives after the death of the body.

You will realize, I am sure, that any attempted explanation of death will be somewhat confusing to a four-year old. Remember, too, that it is not the explanation itself that is so important at this time, as it is that the child shall experience the love and understanding of an adult in whom he has confidence. His attitude toward death will reflect that of the adults who are about him.

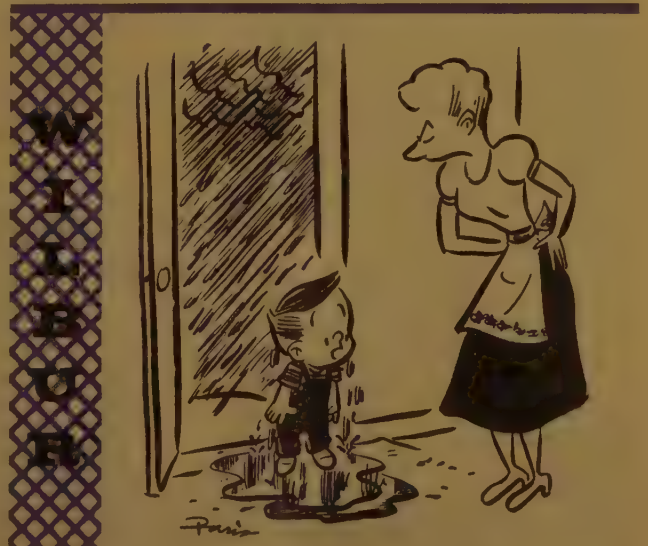
A child should not be a witness to uncontrollable grief, of course, but he can accept without harm the fact that adults feel bad because the body of the per-

son is gone, but are also glad because they believe the person is still alive. This is a time, too, to stress the fact that God cares for this person just as much as he did when the body was alive.

It is unwise to tell a child that God has taken the person. He is not likely to understand just what is meant by this and may develop a great dislike for a God who will do something like this. It is doubtful too, whether there is any real reason why a four-year-old should be permitted to see a body in a casket. In fact, some of us question whether children of this age should go to funerals at all.

Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Sherrill have written an excellent pamphlet on *Interpreting Death to Children*, which may be secured for 5 cents from the National Council of Churches, 120 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y. Be on the lookout, too, for articles in this magazine that deal with children and death.

Donald M. Maynard



“After all, it's nothing but two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen.”

Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

IV. Leaflets

A Family Covenant.

Christian Worship in the Family, 2¢.

Worship Centers for the Home, 2¢.

How to Conduct Family Worship at the Table, 2¢.

Table Prayers and Singing Graces, 2¢.

Building the Home with Christ, 2¢.

Helping Your Child to Know God, 3¢.

Helping Your Child to Read the Bible, 3¢.

Helping Your Child to Pray, 3¢.

Order all leaflets from the Departments of Adult Work and Family Life, 1703 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa., or Christian Board of Publication, MPO Box 179, St. Louis 3, Mo.

The White Easter Rabbit

(Continued from page 21)

"Nothing, absolutely nothing. It's just his belligerent nature," said Arthur who liked to use big words.

The bunny was the most beautiful creature that Arthur ever had seen, and he loved her the minute he lifted her into his arms. As he petted her soft white fur from her little pink nose, over her long silky ears to the tip of her short fluffy tail, her heart pounded with fear and she struggled to be free. As he put her back in the box and gave her a lettuce leaf, he thought it would not be easy to win her confidence.

Arthur resolved to take good care of his bunny so he could keep her a long, long time. His father helped him build a hutch back of the garage where she could live in safety and comfort. The first time he went to feed her, she huddled timidly in one corner of her hutch and thump, thump, thumped with her hind leg because she was afraid. And so he named her Thumper.

Arthur wondered if she would ever learn to trust him. After a few days she cautiously hopped over and sniffed at a celery leaf, grabbed it, and scampered back to her corner where she sat and munched it hungrily. But when the day finally came that she nibbled from the end of a carrot which he held in his fingers, he knew that they had become friends.

Sometimes he shut Jo-jo in the house, and let his bunny play in the yard while he cleaned her hutch. She nibbled the tender clover leaves, hopped about on the soft green grass, and enjoyed the summer sunshine. But when he tried to catch her, she playfully zigzagged across the lawn until he cornered her by the picket fence and carried her back to her hutch.

But one day Arthur forgot to shut Jo-jo in the house. His rabbit was nearly as large as the kitten, but he was afraid she could not hold her own against Jo-jo. He had been cleaning

her hutch; and while he was filling her water pan, he heard a growl. He dropped the pan and dashed for the yard, but it was too late. Jo-jo was crouching low. He pounced. Thumper sprang up into the air and leaped swiftly across the yard with Jo-jo pursuing her. Over the picket fence leaped Thumper, and she stopped at the edge of the field beyond. She turned. She hesitated. She eyed Jo-jo. She sprang toward him. Startled, the kitten fled to the nearby apple tree and scurried up to safety in its branches. At last Jo-jo had met his match!

In the days that followed it was fun to watch the two pets play together. The black kitten would sit on the grass playfully switching his tail back and forth. Nearby the white rabbit would sit and flip her long ears this way and that with excitement. Then suddenly they would race across the lawn, bounding and springing, leaping and hopping, and zigzagging over the soft green grass.

But one day in late summer, Arthur became worried about his rabbit. She did not want to play, and she did not want to eat. The next morning he found her lifeless white body stretched out upon the wire floor of her hutch. Tears rushed to his eyes as he realized that never again could he play with his pet rabbit.

Later that day his father helped him dig a deep hole in the soft earth under the apple tree, and there they buried Thumper.

As they walked slowly toward home, Dad said, "Even though we've lost Thumper, we still have Jo-jo left."

"Yes," said Arthur, "and I like him now because he played with Thumper."

"Do you suppose the kitten misses the rabbit, too?" Dad asked.

"I don't know," said Arthur. "Do little pets miss each other?"

"Very much," said Dad, as they approached the house.

That evening as Arthur sat in Dad's big chair in the corner of the living

room, Mother drew her chair closer and tried to comfort him.

"You know, my dear," she said, "if you have a pet, you must part with it sometime."

"I guess that's right," he said. "But it was hard to part with my white Easter rabbit."

"Don't feel too badly about it," Mother said. "Just remember the happy times you had together."

Jo-jo came into the room and jumped up on Arthur's lap. He stroked the kitten's soft fur. They were drawn together by a common loss, and they were a comfort to each other.

"I love Jo-jo," he said, "and I wish I could have him for my own pet."

Mother hesitated for a moment, and then she said, "I guess Jo-jo will have to decide that for himself."

And Jo-jo did decide, because he cuddled up in Arthur's arms and purred with contentment!

Love Them . . .

(Continued from page 27)

my child. Even though my husband and I were doctors, we had no skill that could change her destiny.

For once, as there was nothing I could do for myself, I had time to think and to listen to God. I began to look at my child as he must look at her; and at the same time I began to look at myself. "Let the children come to me, do not hinder them; for to such belongs the kingdom of God," said Jesus. I knew he loved this child of mine as much as any other.

I asked myself, "Why?" I knew it was not because she had physical beauty. It was certainly not because she would ever be clever or wise. No, it was not even because she could do good deeds for others. Throughout life she will accept services from others and give none in return. He loves her just for what she is—a child of God.

What of myself and yourself who are healthy, well groomed, and well educated? Does God love and care for us because we deserve it? Fortunately no, since probably none of us would ever deserve it. Indeed, such abilities as we have are stumbling blocks leading to self-satisfaction. "Whoever humbles himself like this child, he is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

When we come to him in faith, admitting our need, then we are truly with God and he with us. Looking upon our little child, I find that these scarcely understood precepts of the Christian faith became to me a vital reality.

What then is our duty toward these children? I think it is very simply this: Love them as God does, as one of his children. They should not be neglected or hidden because of shame, nor overindulged because of remorse, but provided for according to their needs. The rest we can leave to God. Learn to rely on him.

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

"The LORD is gracious and merciful, slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love. The LORD is good to all, and his compassion is over all that he has made." (Psalm 145:8-9)

The Words

A Nevada	L Georgia
B Iowa	M Hash
C Utah	N Column
D Idaho	O Colts
E Florida	P Vines
F Glasses	Q Mirror
G Slept	R Don't
H Huddled	S Oregon
I Both	T Fasted
J Manacle	U Sand
K Illinois	V Toast



BOOKS

for the hearthside

For Children

Boys and girls who enjoy poetry will delight in **The Year Around Poems for Children** (Abingdon Press, 192 pages, \$2.50). The selections were made by Alice I. Hazeltine and Elva S. Smith, and the charming illustrations are by Paula Hutchison. The poems are grouped together under titles of the months of the year and special days and seasons. Some of the poems are by well-known poets; others, by relatively unknown ones. The contents are as varied as the writers, and all are a pleasure to read.

The Year Around will make a fine gift for boys and girls and those who are older will appreciate and enjoy this splendid collection.

For Youth

The War of 1812 is a vague fact in the mind of Americans. Mary Evans Andrews uses it as the background for her **Lanterns Aloft** (Longmans, Green and Co., 1955. 212 pages, \$2.75). The action centers around the experiences of two boys, Bob Pennington and Jeremy Caulk, and their families along the eastern shore of Maryland in 1813. The author has used actual historical material into which to weave her narrative. In spite of the near century

and a half which separates our day from theirs, the reader enters into the exciting account of how two boys play an important part in saving the town of St. Michael's from the invasion of the British fleet. The book is illustrated by Arthur Harper.

★ ★ ★

A twentieth-century Horace Greeley would probably have to say, "Go up, young man, go up!" **Aviation Cadet**, by Joseph Archibald (Longmans, Green and Co., 1955. 167 pages, \$2.50), is the story of two young men who "went up." They are learning to fly at the Hondo Air Force Base and meet the many problems of cadets in that exacting task. They nearly "wash out" but after some difficulty are sent on to learn to fly jet airplanes. The book is a realistic picture of the life of those who earn their wings as aviation cadets. The author knows his field and his readers.

★ ★ ★

It is not only "men who go down to the sea in ships," but boys also find their way to adventure by that route. **Cruise of Danger**, by Ralph Hammond (Westminster Press, 1954. 201 pages, \$2.50), tells how Stephen Garnet, left alone by the tragic death of his father, struggled to save the boat which was all his father left him. The title of the book is indeed an accurate one, for danger is the largest element of it. Since most young people like stories of the sea and since this is a good story, they will enjoy this one very much.

★ ★ ★

Nearly everyone knows or has heard of Gimbels, the great department store. **Adam Gimmel, Pioneer Trader**, by Helen Wells (David McKay, Co., 1955.

232 pages, \$3.00), is a biographical account of the founder of that trading empire that finally culminated in Macy's famous competitor. Young Gimmel, escapee from Old World poverty and oppression, comes to the New World and New Orleans in search of freedom. Hard work, faith, courage, and wit carry him through all sorts of adventures until he opens his first store in Vincennes, Indiana. There is humor, as well as human interest, in this well-written, absorbing record of the shaping of a great career.

For Adults

There probably was no pun intended in the title of **Longfellow: a Full-Length Portrait**, by Edward Wagenknecht (Longmans, Green and Co., New York, 1955. 370 pages, Price, \$6.00). One of our best loved poets of the nineteenth century receives a sympathetic treatment in this biography which is the first to be written from a scholarly viewpoint in many years. Most of us, who took Longfellow pretty much under compulsion in school, will find this story of his life of real interest. It will help us to see him more as a living person rather than as the object of reluctant "scholarly" pursuit. If your children are studying his poetry in school, perhaps they will be helped if the entire family would read this biography together aloud. The latter would be a good exercise for any family whose members are old enough to understand. It is probably too long to read entirely in this way, but portions of it would certainly be very helpful.

Over the back fence

Are Your Children Seeing Spots?

No, we are not referring to the spots before their eyes that may indicate a need for glasses. We are referring to the "spots" on television, spot commercials they are called. More specifically we refer to the spot commercials paid for by the beer and wine industries. Very likely your children are seeing those spots. In fact, the advertisers mean for the youngsters to see them.

Sometime when you have six hours a day for a whole week with nothing to do, watch your television screen from 3 to 9 every afternoon and evening. If you cannot find the time, however, do not worry; you do not need to. Someone else has done it for you. Representatives of The United Church Women have sponsored a survey by a competent agency to determine the time and placing of beer and wine ads influencing youth.

They discovered that the average number of spot ads for beer and wine each six-hour period was 19. So your youngster, if he watched television from 3 o'clock to 9 (heaven forbid!), heard and saw more than three ads boasting the glories and joys of alcoholic products each hour!* The number actually varied from 13 to 27 spot ads per evening with the largest numbers on Fridays and Saturdays when child-viewers were at the peak.

The frequency of these spot an-

*No single youngster would be subjected to this complete bombardment, thank goodness. These 19 spots were scattered over 8 different stations in the survey. It still remains true, however, that your child could not possibly escape seeing some of these spots; for no single station in the survey was free from this practice. The survey did not include spot ads during the day or late evening, which would greatly add to the number of spot announcements used in this way.

nouncements is plain to see. What is not so readily observed is that these spots are so placed in relation to highly recommended children's programs (sponsored by most acceptable products) as to seem to be a part of the program—thereby giving respectability to what many people consider to be objectionable, at least for children.

The Television Code has made clear that this is a violation of the code in the following statement: "Television broadcasters should exercise the utmost care and discrimination with regard to advertising material, including content, placement, and presentation, near or adjacent to programs designed for children. No considerations of expediency should be permitted to impinge upon the vital responsibility toward children and adolescents, which is inherent in television, and which *must* be recognized and accepted by *all* advertisers employing television."

Do you like this bombardment of spot ads coming into your home at this time and in relation to good programs? It is practically impossible to turn them off as they come without warning and are unscheduled.

If you do not like this invasion of your home by advertisers of products which you consider objectionable, who do not seem to care how much they violate the code of television responsibility, here are three things that you can do:

1. Write to the managers of the local and national television stations and tell them of your objections to the practice.
2. Write the sponsors of acceptable products, asking them to protest the placing of beer and wine ads next to their programs and commercials.
3. Write the Federal Communications Commission, Washington, D. C., and explain your objections to this deliberate misuse of responsibility by the advertisers of alcoholic beverages.

Let's see if we cannot get some of these "spots" removed from before our children's eyes, anyway.



Consider the Lilies

by F. B. McAllister

The most profound and beautiful things often flower from the depths. Consider the lily! A brown bulb, placed in uninviting soil, becomes a flower so fair as to symbolize the eternal in man. So it is that the noblest and loveliest characteristics in man may blossom from lowliness.

Take those people who possess greater tenderness and devotion. These lily-like masterpieces of earth have themselves come from the unpromising soil of deprivation and lovelessness. Even as with noble causes and beneficent movements, so frequently they have blossomed forth from some grave disappointment. The fairest souls on earth so often flower from the depths.

Or, take those who inspire us with their greater confidence in the inherent goodness in man and deeper faith in the trustworthiness of God. Too often they have sprung from the drab bulbs of capacities impaired or talents gravely limited. These flower forth so beautifully in belief, as though to compensate for their own colorless beginnings. "Consider the lilies!"

Then, study those who have learned the heights of true enjoyment. Too often these broke forth from circumscribed and lonely environments which would have been deadening had they not found that it was humble service to others that was the secret of radiant joy. These sparkling, contagious people shall inherit the earth.

Also, consider those gentle and fragrant lives who perform deeds of kindness and mercy. They understand because in all probability they came forth from the bitterness of some failure or defeat. Their concern and care for others, where anxiety and need is apparent, did not happen by accident. They, too, knew the dark recesses of melancholic depression. "Consider the lilies!"

Finally, those who have discovered the profoundest belief in the universe: immortality. Whence came they? They have a radiance which exclaims, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" because they themselves "walked through the valley."

True, the profoundest and most beautiful things flower from the depths.

Photo by the author



Family Week
May 5 to May 12

PICTURE Your Fellow Church Members

Picture

those newly married couples
the families with small children
the families with teen-agers
the families with grown-up children
those shut-ins
the families who have just joined
the church



H. Armstrong Roberts

How many of them know about HEARTHSTONE?

As a HEARTHSTONE reader, you know how much reading enjoyment this colorful monthly magazine has to offer Christian families. During Family Week, why don't you introduce HEARTHSTONE in your Sunday morning class, in women's and men's groups, and give copies to those who haven't yet become acquainted with this fine family magazine?

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